

upon the Point in front of an establishment where thousands of visitors are photographed annually in connection with the Falls. Here, at one wide sweep, we behold Niagara stretching from the American to the Canadian side in magnificent perspective. Just at our feet the smooth deep masses of the American Falls undulate convulsively as they hurl over the precipice, and dash, in a never-ending succession of what we may term passionate bursts, upon the rugged rocks beneath. Beyond, and a little to the left, is Goat Island, richly clothed with trees, its drooping end seeming as if it too were plunging, like the mighty river, into the seething abyss. Just off the Point is seen the Terrapin Tower, and right in front of us is the great Horse-Shoe Fall, uttering its deep, deafening roar of endless melody, as it plunges majestically into that curdling sea, from which the white cloud of mist rises high in air and partially conceals the background of Canada from view. Far down in the river below, the ferry-boats are seen dancing on the angry waters. It is a solemnizing prospect, and we should suppose that few could gaze upon it for the first time without feeling that they had attained to a higher conception of the awful power and might of the

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Eternal. This point was the last residence of Francis Abbot, the young Hermit of Niagara.

The American Fall, on the brink of which we stand, is 164 feet in perpendicular height, and 660 feet wide from the mainland to *Luna* Island. The smaller Fall, between *Luna* and *Goat* Island, is 100 feet wide. Within a short distance of the spot where we stand is the

FERRY-HOUSE.

Here there is a curious inclined plane, down which we descend in cars, which are worked by means of a water wheel and a rope; there is also a stair connected with this, at the foot of which the ferry-boat waits to convey us over to the Canadian side, whither we intend to proceed, because one of the finest views of Niagara is had from *Table Rock*. Ten minutes will suffice to convey us over, and the passage is quite safe. The charge is 25 cents; but before going, let us hasten to the foot of the *American Falls*, and view them from below.

Mr. Charles Dickens, writing of this scene, says: "The bank is very steep, and was slippery with rain and half-melted ice. I hardly know how I got down, but I was soon at the bottom, and, climbing with two English